

# The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

NUMBER 383.

## Canes, Canes, Canes!

The best assortment of CANES ever shown in Ypsilanti is now on exhibition at

## J. W. Ehrman's Cigar Store!

At PRICES SO LOW that noboby need walk without being in style and carrying a Walking Stick. Call and see them.

## No. 7 Union Block,

Next to the Hawkins House.

## Alban & Johnson

Have an immense new stock of

### Men's Clothing!

### Boys' Clothing!

### Children's Clothing!

AND

## GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

### TAILORING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, ETC.,

FOR THE

## SPRING TRADE!

Call and see our stock; we have what you want.

## ALBAN & JOHNSON.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

## WATERMAN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Has secured the services of Mr. JERTZ, of Schimpel & Spellman's of Germany, and later of Bigelow's of Detroit. No cheap or inferior work is allowed to leave this studio, and the citizens of Ypsilanti may justly take pride in giving him their patronage. Call and be convinced.

38193

## WATERMAN'S, CONGRESS STREET

### NEW SPRING STYLES!

During the last two weeks we have given away rubbers with our shoes to reduce stock and make room for our

### SPRING GOODS.

We are now ready with the largest assortment of LADIES' AND GENTS' SHOES for spring wear that we have ever shown.

**GOODSPEED & SONS.**

No. 8 Congress Street.



OUR  
\$2.50

KID  
OR  
COAT  
BUTTON

GOODSPEED & SONS.

No. 8 Congress Street.

## The Ypsilantian.

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## MISSING LINKS.

A Jewish drunkard, says *The Hebrew Journal* is one of the rarest sights on earth.

The Hon. William M. Evarts' boots are regarded as the finest in the Senate and are said to cost him \$25 a pair.

C. J. Jones has started a town in southwestern Kansas called "Eli," and probably in the expectation that it will "get there."

W. L. Greeley, a grand-nephew of the great Horace, is the proprietor of a barber shop and a fiddle at Spring Creek Station, Pa.

A thirty-two foot spruce log was recently sawed into boards in a Puget Sound mill, and made 6,400 feet of lumber without a knot.

In Japan paper is made of a substance known as "marine algae." It is strong and so transparent that it can be used in place of glass.

San Diego, California, has one of the wisest Chinamen in the world. He is a laundryman, and has kept an advertisement running in the local paper for fifteen years.

Seals are very destructive of fish, especially herring, of which they consume great quantities. A full-grown seal requires ten pounds of fish a day for its food.

Bartley Campbell's most frequent delusion is to fancy that he is a Bonaparte or Grant commanding a vast army, or a Shakespeare or a Bulwer composing a great play.

Floral decorations of the San Francisco dining-room are orange trees, laurels, palms, and tree-ferns. For table center-pieces are peper-plants, hyacinths, palm grass, and cineraria.

At a recent ball in Mobile, Ala., a gentleman wore the swallow-tail coat in which he was married fifteen years ago, which seventeen other bridegrooms had worn, and which had done duty at forty-three weddings.

Count von Moltke is a good chess-player, but not nearly as good as Prince Bismarck, who has often beaten him at the game. President Grey, M. de Freycinet, and M. Leon Say are the best three players in France. All this is according to Rosenthal, the expert.

Pocket-warmers are a new device for keeping the hands warm. A warmer is composed of a tin box an inch in diameter and six inches long, holding a fuse of slow-burning material, which burns for more than an hour without smoke or gas. The warmer is put in a pocket or carried in a muff.

Ex President White, of Cornell, predicts that eventually there will be formed a great educational system worthy of this country, in which the public schools will give the basis, the colleges the intermediate education, and the universities the most advanced general and professional instructions.

Miss Bertie Priddle, of Glenmeyer, Canada, was knitting the other day, and thoughtlessly put the point of her needle in her ear. It went further than she expected and touched the tympanum, and as it did so she started with the pain, and the needle pierced the tympanum, destroying the hearing of that ear forever.

Miss Kate Field is one of the women who "speak right out in meetin'." This time it is about Lady Haberton's divided skirt, which she has tried in the balance and found wanting. In fact, she declares the thing is a fraud, for she could not hold "it," or them, out of the mud one rainy day, and came home thoroughly wet and bedraggled.

Sam Bass, of Ward, Ark., thinks that he has a small fortune in a colt recently foaled on his farm, without any forelegs. Otherwise the little fellow is perfect, and Mr. Bass thinks that he will soon begin to walk on his two legs like any other biped. Already the owner has taken many quarters for a sight at the colt, and has refused \$100 for him.

Dr. Miller, who was sent on a diplomatic mission to Mexico, has already made some valuable discoveries. He explains that pique is pronounced "poolie," and that it is a white, milky fluid that is already prepared from Nature's own distillery. It is consumed by all the people in prodigious quantities, being capable of exciting, if not intoxicating, those who drink it in large quantities.

At a dinner in Albany Andrew S. Draper told this story of Lincoln: "immediately after the battle of Gettysburg Lincoln sat down and wrote a peremptory order to General Meade to intercept Lee in his retreat, give him battle, and by this bold stroke crush the rebel army and end the rebellion. The order was accompanied by a friendly note, in which the great patriot said to Meade: 'The order I inclose is not one of record. If you succeed you need not publish the order. If you fail, publish it. Then if you succeed you will have all the credit of the movement. If not, I'll take the responsibility.'"

There is one co-operative housekeeping society in New York city that is a success, and it was started only a short time ago by a woman, the wife of a horse-car conductor. Like most poor people, she had bought groceries by the pound or half pound and coal by the scuttle. She persuaded the inmates of the tenement house to club together and buy their stores in larger quantities. They find that this saves one-third of the cost. Six of the women have now clubbed together to hire a woman to wash and iron for them, while they take in tailoring or do other work, and they have some thoughts of trying a co-operative kitchen.

Apropos of the anecdotes in London Truth about the brains of King James II. of England and the heart of Louis XIV. of France, the fate of Prince Talleyrand's heart was almost as strange. The doctors who embalmed him found, on completing the job, that they had omitted to replace the revered and princely heart. There was no time to reopen the body; so one of the doctors slipped the heart into his handkerchief, put it in his pocket, and on his way home quietly dropped it down one of the sewers.

## THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## Little Jim.

Our little Jim  
Was such a limb  
His mother scarce could manage him.  
His eyes were blue,  
And looked you through,  
And seemed to say:  
"I'll have my way!"  
His age was six,  
His saucy tricks  
But made you smile,  
Though all the while  
You said: "You limb,  
You wicked Jim,  
Be quiet, do!"

GREGORY R. SIMS.

## The Grant Children.

Col. Crook, who was acquainted with all the White House children from the time that Lincoln was elected President, has the following to say about the Grant children:

"The Grant children come next. There were Fred, Ulysses, commonly called "Buck," Nellie and Jesse. Their history is familiar to everybody. Fred was a graduate of West Point, and appointed on General Sheridan's staff, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He married an heiress, Miss Honore, of Chicago, and resigned from the army. Everything went well with him, apparently, until he got mixed up with the rest of the family in the disastrous Ward business, which, for a time at least, ruined them all.

"When everything looked blackest for Fred Grant, the President offered him a position of Quartermaster in the army, with the rank of Captain. The office is for life and greatly sought for, as it pays a very good salary. It was promptly declined, however, because, as he told the President, he wanted to devote the rest of his life to the payment of his debts. While in the army he would be well cared for personally, but he would never have an opportunity of getting ahead enough to wipe out old scores. He is now engaged in looking after his mother's interests, and I think in writing a life of General Grant.

"The other children I knew much better than I did Fred Grant. Ulysses was a modest, retiring boy, as sensitive as a girl. He never put on any airs. With Jesse he attended school at Emerson Institute, on Fourteenth street, Washington.

"Every morning an orderly would drive them to school in a little four-seated wagon, drawn by a pretty pair of Shetland ponies, and would call for them again in the afternoon.

"At school 'Buck' Grant, I understand, was a good scholar and was quite popular. He was quiet and reserved, and, as I said, very sensitive.

A cross word was more of a punishment to most of boys. Jesse was somewhat impudent and was not so well liked in consequence. His position was a little too much for him, and I guess he never quite recovered.

"Buck" (I never knew why he was so called) went to college, and then studied law. For a time he acted as his father's private secretary, and he made a very good one, treating everybody courteously and attending to his studies intelligently.

"He subsequently practiced law in New York until he got interested in Wall street, finally became swamped in the Ward-Fish business. Having married the daughter of ex-Senator Chaifee, he is supposed to have inherited through her considerable means. I lost track of Jesse to some extent, and only know that after his marriage, which was regarded as a good one financially, he got into trouble with the rest of them. Both of the younger boys, I believe, are now engaged looking after family matters, which are of sufficient importance to occupy their undivided attention.

"There is no use telling you about Nellie Grant. Everybody knows her history. She was one of the loveliest characters it was ever my good fortune to meet. As a young lady at the White House she had a very gay time, and was a favorite with everybody. Miss Barnes, the daughter of the former Surgeon General, was her bosom companion, and was one of her bridesmaids at her marriage with the Englishman Sartoris. Those two girls had a good time together. Nellie was the idol of her father, as everybody knows."

## A Youthful Hero.

An application has been made to the Secretary of the Treasury for a medal to be given to a boy of 12 years under the law which permits those who have saved human life by heroic rescue to be so distinguished. The lad's name is Walter Kermochan. His father is a merchant of wealth in New York, and his uncle is Lorillard, the tobacco manufacturer. Last fall, while wandering along the banks of the Shrewsbury river in New Jersey, near his father's summer home, the boy's nurse, Annie Savette, fell into the water. She sank twice, and then, according to the affidavits presented, the child, hearing her cries, ran to her assistance, and, throwing off his coat, sprang into the stream, seized her by the hair, held her head above water, and swam ashore. He weighs less than 60 pounds, she more than 120. He is shown by evidence to be a phenomenal swimmer for a lad of his age, and to have taken to the water like a duck before he shed his petticoats. While the claim is regarded as unusual, and there are skeptics who can not be convinced that such a feat could be performed by a boy of his age and weight, it is probable that he will be given a medal by the Government, as he has already received one from the Humane Society of New York. The matter has been referred to a committee, consisting of Mr. Kimball, the Superintendent of the Life-saving Service, Solicitor McCue, and Mr. Morton, the Superintendent of the Revenue Marine.—New York paper.

## Romantic History of a German Girl.

Years ago Mary Palenot, now a

servant girl of Atwood, Rawlins county, lived in an interior Ohio town. Her father, a wealthy German, had incurred the enmity of some countrymen, and in order to revenge themselves they kidnaped her and took her to Germany. Here she was recovered by friends of her father and placed in the hands of a tutor, who soon became devoted to her. Another man also conceived a liking for her and attempted to keep company with her. This aroused the anger of the tutor, and he swore vengeance. One day while the tutor and Mary were walking out on a country road they met the other tutor and the tutor drew a revolver and fired point blank at his rival. Mary seized the smoking weapon, and when several people came up still held the revolver under the suspicious circumstances. She was charged with having shot one of her tutors. The cowardly teacher also accused her of the crime. She was arrested and by some means managed to escape, and, in company with her uncle, fled to America. The couple traveled as father and daughter, and, coming West, settled at Atwood, Kas., and she went to work as a servant. The real murderer died in Germany during the month of February. Prior to his death he made a confession which by Mary was entirely cleared of any charge of murder. It was only this week that the glad intelligence reached the innocent but persecuted girl in her Western home. Mary has left for Ohio, where she has \$25,000 worth of property left her by her father. During the last four years she has been working quietly and patiently in her obscure position. Topeka Letter.

## Too Dignified by Half.

Writing lines is the penance Harrow does for all their sins, in and out of school. If a boy is late for school, he writes lines; if he misses "bill," he writes lines. If the lines are not finished at a stated time, their number is doubled. There was one clever boy who escaped writing half the ordered quantity; and the masters tell the story of how he did it to this day. He was an untidy boy and was often taken to task for his carelessness and disorder. One day his master, who had very dignified and impressive manners, and who always said "we" instead of "you" when talking to the boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he said, with much severity, "We have not washed our hands this morning. Have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was the impudent boy's answer, "but I've washed mine."

"Ah!" said the master, "we are very impudent to-day. We will have to send a hundred lines before the next bill."

When "bill" time came, the master sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"I've written my fifty," the boy answered very promptly, handing in his paper; "but I don't know whether you've done your half!"—St. Nicholas.

## Sentence Building.

Sentence building and descriptive writing from pictures form part of the daily school work of each pupil in the Indian Industrial school, and the following interesting attempts to form straight English sentences were the result of a recent exercise: "I see unit"; "Put wheat in stacks to keep from eating the animals walking around in the field"; "The elephant is a clumsy"; "I know the earth is round because if you go a long time you will come back to the place where you stand like an apple walking around".

Describing one of the Indian boys in public debate who grew very earnest:

"Near come out his eyes he talk so loud." "I am study hard this time. I am study the book of bones. It is called the physiology book. I must try hard this time about the bones". "The other day I went to see my head and lungs about the doctor". "Mexico is made of states united under one man's government."

A little Indian boy, whose problem in arithmetic to work out was "divide 1,000 by .001," worked away very patiently until the slate was nearly covered with 9's and 1 over, then, looking up to his teacher, in tones of great perplexity, said: "Miss Blank, I can not stop!"—Carlsbad Star.

## She Defeated the Robbers.

This Polly is a homely bird, a silent parrot. Yet its ways show that still waters run deep. Polly has been annoyed recently by two pigeons, which as soon as Mine, Polly quits her cage rush into it and devour her share of corn, etc. This Polly could not stand; in vain she ruffled up her feathers and strutted angrily before the marauders. At last a bright thought struck her—the next time Polly left her cage she deliberately turned and, with her bill shut to the door, and then, with a look of triumph at the would-be thieves, went to enjoy her constitutional without fear of being robbed.—New Orleans Picayune.

## Must Begin Sometime.

Little Mabel has had a birthday and is 5 years old. She has a little boy friend of 6 whose mamma overheard the next morning the following conversation: "Now, Willie, you must put your arm about me so, (drawing it about her waist), and I'll put mine so, around your neck, and then we'll walk along, and you must tell me that you love me. That's courting, and we must begin sometime."

## Carried His Own Money.

Mr. Fred J. Clarke, a druggist at the Union Pacific shops, dreamed one night not long ago that he had deposited a small sum in a bank at Charleston, Mass., many years ago, and that it had never been drawn out. The impression of the dream was retained in his mind until morning, and as he could remember that he had at one time a small sum on deposit in the bank, Mr. Clarke wrote to a friend in Boston, asking him to investigate the matter. It was found that the dream had been true, and the money, left at interest for twenty-four years, had increased to about \$800. The necessary preliminaries were gone through with and Mr. Clarke has just received the amount named above, which stood to his credit there all that time.—Omaha Republican.

## image's First Cigar.

The time had come in my boyhood which demanded of me a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction but by a sort of an instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipe on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, It may be imagined how little chance there was for adolescent cigar-puffing.

By some rare good fortune which put in my hands 3 cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feelings of elation, manliness, superiority, and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sentiment.

When I put the cigar to my lips and struck the lucifer-match to the end of the weed and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great, my temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that task'd my determination to the utmost.

You see that my wordly means had limited me to a quality that cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so I pulled away.

Indeed I had heard my older brothers in their Latin lessons say, omnia vici a labor; which, translated, means, if you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.

With these sentiments, I passed down the village street, and out toward my country home. My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it became rather uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams were driving between.

I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him that I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. After some further walking, I sat down under the bridge near my house and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all early expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, but was finally obliged to throw three-fourths of it away. I knew, however, exactly where I threw it, in case I should feel better the next day.

Getting home the old people were frightened and demanded of me an explanation as to my absence and the rather whitish color of my complexion.

Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parent's apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. Mustard plasters were immediately administered, and I received careful watching for some hours. Finally I fell asleep and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar.—T. De Witt Talmage in Brooklyn Magazine.

## The Paris Stock-Exchange.

Edward King describes, in the March Cosmopolitan, one of the most interesting institutions of Paris, as follows:

If the peaceful daughters of heaven, who once wandered through the pretty arcades of the Convent of the Daughters of St. Thomas d'Aquin, could have foreseen that the site of their nunnery was to be occupied by one of the great temples of commerce, and when he wants to unbend his mind and to unbend the dog he leads the ugly-headed beast into the back yard and introduces him to another animal of the same species. Then the two animals jaw each other and tear pieces out of each other's ribs. The Bishop is described as dancing around meanwhile and cheering on his own pup. If the other dog gets the best of it, however, the Bishop is said to take one long stride with his Episcopal legs, and, taking him by the tail, to drop him over the garden wall. In order to fully appreciate the picture, it must be added that the Bishop is very stout.—London Society.

The state gave the site, the city of Paris paid down the money for the expenses of building, and the old architect Bronglart furnished the plans for the edifice on the model of a pagan temple. He had spent a little more than 8,000,000 francs, when, in 1813, death carried him off, and his successor, M. Labarre, continued the work until 1827. The edifice was dedicated on the 2d of November, 1836.

Surrounded by its majestic Corinthian columns, fourteen upon each of the fronts and twenty upon either side, the bourse of Paris is, perhaps, one of the most important edifices of the capital. Decorated with costly statues of Justice, Fortune, Abundance, and Prudence, it is a veritable monument in the European sense. Its interior is exceedingly simple. The central hall, reserved for the operations on "Change" can hold about two thousand persons on the ground floor. A spacious gallery, extending entirely round this hall, enables the populace of Paris and the strangers to observe the mad antics of the speculators—antics that are as ridiculous and remarkable as those on the New York stock-exchange. All the French volubility and capacity for gesture are here intensified a thousandfold.

**A Rat's Revenge.**

Pick McKeon, a well-known employee on the wharves of the Pennsylvania Company, assures me that he has seen many an old rat lose his eye in a fight with the sparrows. Once he saw a sparrow caught by a one-eyed rat. The quadruped had apparently lost his eye in one of the oat troubles some weeks before. It was clear that it was animated by a spirit of revenge. "For two days," says Pick, "I saw the rat lying on his back, under a string piece, as though dead. One of Daddy Reid's horses was spilling oats near by and the sparrows were filling themselves.

The third day the horse had

## WE ARE CHANGED.

We feel our love has long grown cold,  
And yet we dare not own  
That, day by day, a silent change  
Has o'er our spirits grown.  
We see it, though our eyes the while  
Are blinded by our tears;  
With words of former tenderness  
We strive to mock our fears.  
But we are changed. We are not one,  
As we were once of old.  
Oh, would to God that we had died  
Before our love grew cold!

We've struggled hard against our fate,  
Our hearts still yearn to keep,  
And we have striven with the cold  
Till the numbness creeps into sleep.  
We have not let one unkind word  
The bitter truth reveal;

The world knows not, must never know,  
What both of us now feel,  
That we are changed. We are not one,  
As we were once of old.  
Oh, would to God that we had died  
Before our love grew cold!

Round, like the felon bound of yore,  
Unto the lifeless clay.  
Linked to a love long dead, that shows,  
Each moment more decay;  
In secret we must hug our bonds,  
Till death will set us free.  
I weep, my wife, to think that I  
Have forged these chains for thee;  
For we are changed. We are not one,  
As we were once of old.  
Oh, would to God that we had died  
Before our love grew cold!

—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

## THE BASILISK.

### A STORY OF TO-DAY.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

BY CHANCE.

I took the hint, and after Shaw and I had wished the worthy official good-night, we strolled up Whitehall, my head bursting with conflicting ideas, my heart full of anxiety as to the fate of her who was my only thought in this weary conflict of crime. Shaw was careful not to interrupt the silence, which he evidently knew I was incapable of breaking. We had passed the Grand Hotel, and were approaching Charing Cross railway-station, when a hansom blocked our progress as we attempted to cross the street. The light of a gas-lamp fell right across the occupant of the cab—a female thickly veiled. Yet as my eyes fell upon her, as the hansom had swerved on its way, I clutched Shaw by the arm, and almost fell upon the pavement. I had recognized her. It was the Basilisk. Few could have known Miss Beaufoy—I should not myself, but that she recognized me. It was the quick flash of her magnificent eyes through the meshes of the veil, which revealed to me that this woman in black was none other than the imperious mistress of Hanover Lodge. The attraction may have been magnetic; it was certainly effective. I had time to notice a black bag with a white band on the roof of the cab before it was whirled away eastward.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Shaw.

I could only gasp, "She—the Basilisk!" as I pointed after the fleeing hansom.

"My dear fellow," replied the Doctor, "you are letting your fancies run away with you. At the present moment both the amiable lady (whom you call the Basilisk) and her excellent father (our patron) are no doubt safe in the hands of the police. You have no more seen Miss Beaufoy than I have clapped eyes on her parent."

"I tell you I am not mistaken," I said almost fiercely; "that woman was the Basilisk—she can tell me where I can find Mary Fortescue—she can—"

"What you can't do," interrupted Shaw, "is either to put me out of temper or to make me believe that this apparition was anything more real than the outcome of a temporarily disordered brain. Come home with me."

He hailed a cab, into which I somewhat sulkily stepped, for I knew that I was right and that he was wrong. Shaw increased my irritation during the drive by persistently whistling the most vulgar of music-hall tunes. When a man's nerves are disturbed, nothing grates upon his sensibility more than a popular accompaniment to his woes. I felt I could have strangled Shaw for his unmellodio's reminiscences; and when he piped "What cheer, Rish?" as we stopped at the gate of St. Bartlemus' Home, I inwardly recorded the fact that medical men are as callous to mental suffering, as they are to physical pain.

As we descended from the vehicle, the sleepy porter came forward.

"A note for you, sir," he said, touching his cap, as he gave an envelope to Shaw. The Doctor tore the cover open, read the missive, and handed it to me, while the clock of a neighboring church chimed three.

This is what I read.

"A friend tells Dr. Shaw that he should say to Mister Copelstone the way is Harritch, Miss B. has gone."

"Who left this?" I asked excitedly.

"A elderly female," replied the porter; "about a hour ago. She rung me up, added with an aggrieved expression.

"The way is Harritch?" I repeated.

"It seems so," said Shaw, handing me the note.

"You can trust her?" I said.

"I think so. I must start at once."

"No," said Shaw, "wait. In the first place, you can't get to Harritch till the morning; in the second, this mysterious epistle was only left here an hour ago; and in the third, the Antwerp boats leave at night."

"And now?" I asked—“and now do you believe I saw Miss Beaufoy just now?"

"No," he said; "no, I do not. Nothing will convince me."

As he was speaking, a hansom dashed by the railings of the hospital. I recognized the bag on the roof of the cab, before I recognized the occupant. As before, a gas lamp cast its light on her face; but this time she wore no veil. Both of us saw her plainly, though she drew her head back. It was Miss Beaufoy.

"Now," I cried triumphantly, "do you believe me?"

"Yes," said Shaw; "but explain to me why Miss Beaufoy is roaming around London at this time in the morning?"

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### A NARROW ESCAPE.

Dr. Shaw had to use a moral persuasion which trenched on physical force, to draw me inside the door of St. Bartlemus', so eager was I to get upon the track of the miscreant who was responsible for Mary Fortescue's safety.

"Come, come," said Shaw, in that peculiar persuasive voice which seems to be born by right to members of the medical profession: "for the present nothing can be done, and you will be fitter for a task which may tax all our energies, after a little rest here, than if you spend your time driving about, and pacing the dark platform of an empty railway station."

I felt that he was strongly, loyally interested in the master. There was that in Dr. Shaw's manner, there is still, I should rather say, which inspires trust, because you feel that there is no attempt at fooling

you. Some doctors whom I know, worthy men, too, handicap their earnest moments of feeling by making no difference between the way of soothing a fretful patient and the reassurance they convey to a reasonable man. Shaw's manner is like himself, dependable. He was not merely trying to coax me to rest, he felt sure that the report he recommended would not be in any way prejudicial to the interests I had at heart.

I yielded with the best grace I could muster to his persuasions, and in a short time we were seated in his sanctum, where the smouldering fire, with a little care, soon gave signs of a cheerful vitality. There was a neat and choice supper left upon the table.

"You are probably too excited to sleep just now," said Shaw, "so you may as well eat something."

I felt, to my surprise, no disinclination to this proposition.

"You see," said Shaw, "according to your idea there is every reason to trust Mrs. Hardy's information. If it be accurate, Plowitz cannot cross to Antwerp till tomorrow, or rather, as it is now past three, this evening. From what I gather of Miss Fortescue's character, she is overawed and helpless, and will shrink from making a move so long as Plowitz treats her with outward deference."

That was, I felt, quite true. I could imagine the polite cruelty with which he would speak for her misrepresentation, and, perhaps, enlist sympathy with her, from the very sympathy which they but read the facts of the case, would gladly come between him and his prey. As we ate a light supper, Shaw derived from me additional information upon some points which I had not previously made sufficiently clear, and gave me great, and, I could not but think, reasonable encouragement.

"It is not Plowitz's interest to resort to desperate measures," he observed. "He evidently hopes in some way to compel her to consent to his suit; but if we act with discretion, as well as with vigor, I do not see that any actual harm or danger is to be anticipated." At any rate, we are on the right track."

"Suppose," said I, "that note is a forgery—a trick of the Basilisk's to put us on the wrong track."

"It would disappoint our hopes, but it would not make our difficulties greater if we had not received such information. The excellent Rosebush will have all the railway stations watched, depend upon it. The graves' inference, if that note be a forgery, will be that Miss Beaufoy has discovered Mrs. Hardy's sympathy with you and Miss Fortescue."

Just as he finished speaking, we started and looked at one another. There was the sound of a footstep crunching the gravel on the drive.

It came nearer; it mounted the steps to the door.

"Now, who in the name of wonder," said Shaw, "can this be, at three in the morning?"

The bell was rung by a careful hand, and a knocking, apparently with knuckles, on the door followed.

"That must be Anthony," said Shaw—"the porter."

We went together to open the door. There, wrapped in a thick cloak, stood the porter.

"Busy work to-night sir," he said, coughing and putting that irony into his words which men of his class use as a safe- valve for outraged susceptibilities.

"A 'unsom cab brought this sir, and it's a waiting for answer at the gate."

"This" was a small note, which the old man handed to Shaw.

"Come in and sit down, Anthony," said Shaw, hastily shutting the door, and pointing to a half-chair.

We returned to the study.

"It's to me," said Shaw, opening the note.

He glanced at it and handed it to me.

It was a small note, hurriedly written in pencil on thin paper, upon some rough surface, such as the cover of a book.

The writing was like Mary's. How my heart beat as I read it.

"If Mr. Copelstone has come to you, tell him that I am not gone. They are keeping me here still. The side-gate will be open, and Mrs. Hardy will leave the door unlocked. She has ped me. There is a cat waiting. Send him back at once, if he would ever see me again. The driver may be trusted."

"That is just like them!" I exclaimed. "The Basilisk had tried to put us on a false scent, and all the while Mary is still at Hanover Lodge."

Shaw looked anxious.

"Do you know the handwriting?" he asked.

"It is Mary's," I said. "I will go."

"It may be a trick," said he.

"So may the other," I answered; "much more probably. Once before they pretended that she had gone and kept her a prisoner. This is only a variation of the old trick. The note about the Harwich route is a clumsy forgery. It would have seemed off to a wild-goose chase, and meanwhile Plowitz could recover her off some other way without fear of interruption."

Shaw seemed impressed.

"You know them better than I do."

"Yes; I will go at once."

"Perhaps you had better," he said.

"Take this with you. It may be useful."

He handed me a neat little revolver. I took it, and resolved to use it on the first possible provocation from any of that gang of murderers.

"Now then; where is the cab?" I asked as we came out into the hall.

"At the gate, sir, and waiting," said Anthony, gruffly but resignedly.

His night's rest was hopelessly spoilt, but he contrived to put a sort of latent tone of sympathy even into his gruffness.

At the gate we found a very ordinary-looking hansom.

"Who sent you here?" said I to the driver.

"The woman up at Hanover Lodge," said the man, a grey-bearded individual, who seemed more fitted for the box of a decrepit four-wheeler. "Hardy's miss, as keeps the ga'es."

"I shall go," I said in a whisper to Shaw.

We had a hurried conversation as to plans and communications, which short as it was, was broken in upon by the driver, who observed:

"Be good, sir; but Mrs. Hardy said, as if you didn't come sharp, you might as well not come at all. No offence, gentlemen; but that was the message she gave to me."

"All right!" I said, and jumping in, waved a good-by to Shaw, and was driven off at a round pace toward Hanover Lodge.

There were no signs of day when the cab stopped, as well as I could judge, at the entrance to the hotel.

"We've to stop here," said the man—"not to disturb the folks at the gate was my orders."

"Then you will wait here?" said I, standing on the footboard.

"Was to wait here till you came back," said the ancient driver, who seemed a model of discipline and good breeding.

"And then?" I asked.

"Then I was to drive back where I brought you from."

This seemed convincing enough, under the circumstances; I jumped down, and made my way along the lane. Keeping well on the grass-grown side-walk, I soon reached the gates of Hanover Lodge. It was very dark, but I could dimly make out the outline of the gate-house and the bars of the big gate. I crept up to it. The little side gate was ajar! It yielded noiselessly to my pressure. I was within the grounds!

Swiftly and silently, with the revolver ready for instant use, I sped along the turf-border till well beyond the cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CAMP FIRE.

### BOB INGERSOLL'S REGIMENT.

The following in reference to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's Regiment in the war for the Union will be found interesting: The Eleventh Illinois Cavalry was mustered in at Camp Lyon, Peoria, Ill., Dec. 20, 1861, Colonel R. G. Ingersoll commanding. It remained in camp until Feb. 22, 1862, when it was sent to Benton Barracks, and then went to Cramp's Landing, Tenn., to join the brigade of General Lew Wallace. The regiment was under fire for a time at Shiloh, and lost heavily in killed and wounded. It was subsequently in the fights at Bolivar, Tenn., Corinth and Inka, Miss., and during the winter following was stationed at Jackson, Tenn. In a fight with Forrest's raiders in December, seven officers, including Colonel Ingersoll, and about 100 men were taken prisoners, but were paroled on the following day. During the spring and summer of 1863, the regiment was stationed along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, making numerous raids into the surrounding country, and having frequent skirmishes with the enemy. In September it was sent into Mississippi, and took part in the Meridian expedition. Most of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans, and took its fortune in March and April, 1864. During the following summer it was in the vicinity of Vicksburg, and engaged in scouting through the surrounding country. In the fall it made a raiding expedition to Woodville, La., and later, one into Arkansas. Was subsequently stationed in the vicinity of Memphis till its muster out, Sept. 3, 1865.

### WASHINGTON'S FARM.

An almanac of 1790 has the following: Gen. Washington possesses 10,000 acres of land in one body where he lives; constantly employs 250 hands; keeps twenty-four pows going all year, when the weather will permit; sowed, in 1787, 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres of wheat, and perhaps as much corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc.; has near five hundred acres in grass and sowed 150 with turnips. Stock: 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers, and steers, and 500 sheep. The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass; the farms are scattered around at the distance of two, three, four, or five miles, which the general visits every day unless the weather is absolutely stormy. He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. He is stimulated with that desire which always actuates him—to do good to mankind. In 1786 he killed 150 hogs, weighing 18,500 pounds, for his family use (exclusive of provision for his negroes), which was made into bacon.

### A COURAGEOUS PRIVATE.

It was once my fortune (says Maurice Thompson) to see a young man take an axe in his hand and walk across 200 yards of open ground under the fire of 400 dismounted troopers, and deliberately cut down a telegraph pole. While he was chopping away at the tough cedar wood I could plainly see the splinters whirling away from the pole from top to bottom, as the whizzing bullets aimed at him, crashed through it or seamed its sides with ragged scars. Near by stood a brick chimney, where a house had burned down; a 12-pound shot struck the pile, and it went tumbling to the earth, scattering its brick about, some of them striking the young soldier's leg. He did not waver. As regular as the beat of a pendulum was the swing of that axe, and when the pole fell friends and foes fled together in yelling their admiration of the young man as he deliberately shouldered his axe and returned to his place in command.—*Boston Advertiser.*

### THE ENCAMPMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

The preliminary arrangements for the National encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which is to be held in St. Louis next September, are being vigorously pushed. Information so far received from posts in all parts of the country indicate that fully 100,000 members of the Grand Army will be there, and provision is being made for that number and as many more as may come. The Finance Committee have commenced active work, and there is every indication that \$100,000 will be raised for entertainment purposes and general expenses. The Secretary of War will be asked to furnish tents for use during the encampment and the Inter-State Commissioners have been requested to take prompt action in regard to the making of special railroad rates. National headquarters will be at the Southern Hotel.

### SCARCE RATIONS.

A soldier writes: In the fall of 1864 we were in West Tennessee, on short rations. Our regiment had been fighting hard. One day Capt. G. and myself sat eating beans and coffee when a shell fell close to our tent door. We could see the blue smoke curling its way up.

The captain at once clapped his hat over the coffee, and went down under the table, while I went under our bunk. With a fearful report that shell burst, covering everything about us with sand.

Jumping up, the captain took the hat off from over the

# The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

LOCAL option arouses the fierce opposition of the Free Press. High taxation equally arouses the opposition of the Free Press. So does prohibition. The Free Press wants the business left alone. It makes a show, indeed, of consenting to an increase of tax, but finds fatal objection in the details of any plan proposed, and will undoubtedly continue to find such objection. The Free Press discounts the vote cast for the amendment by assuming that many voted for it for reasons other than approval of its principle—as dissatisfaction with the disposition of the tax, etc.; but it ignores the equally plausible assumption that many voted against it for reasons other than disapproval of its principle—as doubt of its efficacy, etc. So, it may be fairly assumed that the vote correctly represents the present disposition of the people of the state upon the proposition to prohibit. That vote shows the significant fact that the subject was more interesting and important in the minds of the people than the choice of any officers or the success of any party. There were cast upon it, for and against, 737 more votes in the state than were cast for and against any candidate or any party; and that vote was divided, 50,818 per cent. against, and 49,181 per cent. for—a majority of a little over one half of one per cent., or exactly 636 votes in 100,000—which is a very slight preponderance. The Free Press, however, is quite gleeful over even that preponderance, and assumes it to be a declaration of approval of the existing policy. Even if it were so, it would be an approval so lame and impotent as to be a practical disapproval. A policy that had only been able after thorough trial to satisfy a majority of six hundred and thirty-six out of one hundred thousand voters—that is condemned by more than 49,181 of every 100,000 voters in the state—can not claim to be a satisfactory policy, and would best be abandoned. But the vote has not even that poor significance in that behalf. It can not at all be taken as an expression upon changing the present policy, but only upon changing from this to that. That so many were in favor of changing from this to that shows that certainly so many were in favor of changing; but it does not in the least show that no more were in favor of changing from this to something that should be better than this; and to every thoughtful and unprejudiced mind that vote must be regarded as an overwhelming condemnation of the present policy. If the suggestion of this paper, made several months ago, to submit alternative propositions, for and against prohibition, for and against local option, and for and against high license, had been adopted, the popular preference might have been more certainly known; but the popular disapprobation of the present policy could scarcely have been more emphatically shown. It is the business of the Legislature to provide what in its judgment will best satisfy the popular preference, and the correctness of that judgment will not long remain in doubt. If the democratic legislators follow the line indicated by the Free Press, they may, indeed, satisfy some of their immediate constituencies, but the number of those constituencies will be lessened; and if republican legislators fail to give the state something more satisfactory than the present policy, the number of republican constituencies will be lessened. In our opinion, the most satisfactory policy at the present time would be combined town and county option, with higher tax or license where that method shall prevail, and more effective provisions for enforcement, and with provision that the option policy cannot be resubmitted under two years. Individually, we question the value of high license as a temperance measure; but the majority of temperance people would probably not agree with us in that.

At last, we have the official vote of the state at the late election, except as to Isle Royale county, from which nobody expects or cares to hear. The return of Manitou was only secured by despatching a special messenger from Lansing, who had to charter a steamer to reach the island community, and was rewarded by finding 3 republican and 104 democratic votes, and 18 prohibition and 124 anti-prohibition votes—by which it appears that the industry of Whisky Island was the chief subject of interest there. The official totals of the state are as follows:

Supreme Judge, 10 yrs—total.	361,593	PUB.
Campbell, democrat.	174,324	—34,800
Diamond, republican.	140,315	
Diamond, national.	27,658	
Grove, prohibition.	18,500	
Imperfect and scattering.	166	
Supreme Judge, 8 yrs—total.	361,916	
Campbell, republican.	170,749	—30,845
Grove, democrat.	139,904	
Akin, republican.	32,909	
Cheever, prohibition.	18,508	
Imperfect and scattering.	498	
University Regents—total.	362,180	
Burkefield, republican.	172,354	—30,350
Henderson, republican.	138,000	—30,506
Vanderveen, democrat.	142,004	
Sprague, democrat.	142,104	
Millar, national.	27,601	
Brown, national.	19,070	
Preston, prohibition.	18,773	
Cheney, prohibition.	18,671	
Imperfect and scattering.	1,561	
Amendments—prohibition.	Salaries.	
Yes.	12,706	
No.	184,429	—5,941
Totals.	362,917	197,594 — 52,182

DAKIN has been expelled by the unanimous vote of the House, and that body feels that it has purged itself of the disgrace, but it hasn't. Dakin was expelled on his own admissions that he tried to extort money from lobbyists for treating and feasting to promote the passage of their bill, with the well-grounded suspicion that he intended to put the money in his own pocket. But the members of the committee who have been doing about the same thing all through the session remain, unbuked by the House. To be sure, they have thought it prudent to remove from the Committee room the placard that displayed the significant suggestion—"We smoke; if you don't, up goes your bill"—and so much has been gained in the direction of propriety and dignity,

and perhaps that is as much dignity as ought to be exacted for \$3 a day.

The Illinois Legislature finds itself in a queer hole. The appropriation for printing is exhausted. The criminal code forbids any officer of the state to contract any indebtedness of the state without an available appropriation, upon pain of fine and imprisonment. No bill can become a law until it has been printed; and the Legislature is therefore powerless to make an appropriation to meet the emergency, or to amend the law allowing a debt for printing to be contracted. Thus the machinery of the state is effectually blocked, unless private liberality shall relieve it from the embarrassment and print a bill, and that would not be official and possibly not legal.

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1,000,000 ACRES OF CHOICE RIVER BOTTOM AND UPLANDS

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The GREAT KANSAS VALLEY embraces the Finest Agricultural Lands of the West.

The terms on which these lands are sold to the Actual Settler, are of the most liberal nature.

Kansas is especially well adapted to Stock.

It is now here excelled. Come and see for yourself. For further particulars, Pamphlets and Map-advertisements.

THOMAS M. GIBSON, Land Commissioner, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

\$25,000.00 IN GOLD!

WILL BE PAID FOR

ARBuckles' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium, \$1,000.00

2 Premiums, \$500.00 each

6 Premiums, \$250.00 "

25 Premiums, \$100.00 "

100 Premiums, \$50.00 "

200 Premiums, \$20.00 "

1,000 Premiums, \$10.00 "

For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBuckles' COFFEE.

# The Ypsilantian.

Thou Shalt not Pass.

Kalamazoo Herald.

Below is given what the Scriptures have to say about that portion of the inter-state commerce law which will

By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, elasticity of step, buoyancy of spirits and the bloom of health, may be restored to the system which has become enfeebled with disease. The best vitalizer and blood purifier is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.

complain editors and legislators to walk

As an anodyne expectorant, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is prompt in its action. It checks the advance of disease, allays any tendency to inflammation and consumption and speedily restores health to the afflicted.

pay their fare. Many people will be

Pure white clover honey forms the base of Dr. Van Wert's Balsam, and this being combined with the most potent medical agents, which modern medical investigation has discovered, the whole forms an incomparable remedy for all throat and lung troubles. For sale by A. D. Morford, Ypsilanti, Mich.

For torpid liver use Van Wert's Pills. Van Wert's Golden Balm is a certain cure for Catarrh.

Van Wert's Pills are small and easy to take. Van Wert's Golden Balm will cure Hay Fever.

surprised to learn that this dispute

Little children do not cry when Dr. Van Wert's Balsam is given them. It is so sweet and palatable, they never refuse it, and it is superior to any other known remedy for Croup and Whooping Cough. For sale by A. D. Morford, Ypsilanti, Mich. Samples free.

Van Wert's Pills are small and easy to take. Van Wert's Golden Balm will cure Hay Fever.

dances to the time of the prophets,

Church going people are annoyed by the Coughing of their neighbors. One bottle of Van Wert's Balsam would cure every cough in the congregation. Go to A. D. Morford's and get a free sample bottle and see for yourself.

Van Wert's Pills will not cause pain or nausea. Van Wert's Golden Balm will cure cold in the head.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife are much improved by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor." My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, St. Paul, Minn.

HAIR, thin and lusterless may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. \*\*A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing that I tried seemed to do any good. I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. The bottom of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Dress Stays.

The dress making art has had valuable assistance rendered it by the invention of Warren's Featherbone Dress Stays. These Stays are soft, pliable and are attached directly to the dress seam by sewing through the Featherbone. By this method of attaching all wrinkling of the seam is avoided and an elegant fit to the garment may be obtained. They are for sale everywhere.

Any one wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fevers, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eructions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. C. Coy.

come and go, but the insatiable craving

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. For sale by R. C. Coy.

words forming the last quotation cited

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. C. Coy.

ever felt the deep pathos of the simple

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. For sale by R. C. Coy.

formaldehyde.

De Santos' California Fruit Tonic is the finest and best tonic ever produced. "I have used it in my family for general debility and malarial troubles with great success." J. R. Fisk, Alton, Illinois.

But those of us who have been accus-

Ladies and children, as well as men, old or young, should never be without De Santos' California Fruit Tonic. "It saved my wife's life, renewed her strength and vitality." G. F. F. Work, Delta, Wis.

tomed to the annual favors of the gen-

De Santos' Fruit Tonic is an elegant preparation, made from pure Fruit Juices that are well known for their medicinal properties the world over. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

a

ed passenger agent will appreciate keenly and sympathetically the awful

Free Trade.

The reduction of material revenue and the taking off of revenue stamp from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Boschee's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cents size. The August Flower for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the German Syrup for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

so he paid his fare and

Don't EXPERIMENT.—You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Smith's Drug Store. 6

went poor Jonah! And it turned

SAVED HIS LIFE.—Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisis, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions.

He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from the first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely free. Richly illustrated—steel portrait, &c. Will sell immensely.

JOHN HOWARD'S BEECHER

Life of a

the most valuable because coming so close to the truth in every detail, and engrossed in a labor of love. Richly illustrated—steel portrait, &c. Will sell immensely.

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JOHN HOWARD'S BEECHER

# THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

**PROF. NAGEL,** the Nestor of German botanists, celebrated his seventieth birthday at Munich on March 30.

**JAMES SPEED,** who was Lincoln's Attorney General, is still practicing law in Louisville, Ky., at the age of 80.

The Mexican Secretary of the Interior denies the rumor that cholera has made its appearance in that country.

GERMANY has refused to participate either in the art or industrial sections of the Paris International Exhibition of 1889.

The new Mayor of Chicago has ordered the withholding of licenses from nearly 150 saloons already black-listed by the police.

The number of slaves in Brazil has been reduced from 1,500,000 in 1873 to 700,000, none of whom are under 16 or over 60 years of age.

The Russian government has forbidden some of its subjects from sending a sword of honor to General Boulanger, for fear of erroneous inferences.

It is reported that the St. Paul road is likely to be extended this year to Bismarck, and that land for terminal facilities is now being acquired.

The death of The Chisholm, in Edinburgh, on April 9, terminates the male line of the Comar branch of the Chisholm clan, who have been the chiefs for some 700 years.

ORANGE wine when it gets a few years of age is said to be equal in flavor to the finest quality of sherry. It is likely to open up a new industry in Florida and California.

NATURAL gas has been developed in Cincinnati, at a depth of 310 feet. The parties interested at once formed a company with \$100,000 capital to bore another well in the vicinity.

"A HUNDRED YEARS" is not a long period in the history of nations on the other side of the Atlantic, but it means everything in the United States. America is literally the child of the century.

Iris said that P. T. Barnum, for withdrawing his suit against the Grand Trunk road for \$100,000 for the loss of Jumbo, was given \$5,000 in cash and an equal amount in transportation.

The first actual application of gas to lighting purposes took place in England in 1792, when William Murdoch constructed an apparatus for lighting his house and office at Redruth, Cornwall.

A WOMAN living in the vicinity of Jasper, Fla., is the mother of twenty-six children, of whom twenty-four have grown to manhood and womanhood. She is cheerful, contented and lively.

The Admiral of the Canadian fishery protection fleet is to sail from Halifax on the Acadia about May 10. Officers of the cruisers have been forbidden to grant interviews to press representatives.

DR. WARREN, of Boston, is beginning to feel confident of the success of the projected American Institute of Roman History and Archaeology at Rome, toward founding which an American lady has already given \$10,000.

It is announced that imported or re-exported liquors withdrawn for consumption after having been warehoused are subject to duty on the quantity entered for warehouse and not on that ascertained on withdrawal for consumption.

INTELLIGENCE from the Holy Land informs us that in Jerusalem, in the streets once trod by King David, may be heard the shrill whistle of the steam engine. The city has, in the last twenty-five years, doubled its number of buildings and in other respects keeps pace with the greatest cities of the modern world.

In this case of the Chickasaw Nation against the United States, in which the Indians claimed over \$600,000, with interest, by reason of alleged improper disbursement of their funds held trust by the Government, the Court of Claims has decided that the Indians should have credit on their accounts for \$240,163.

The first asylum for idiots in this country was established in a wing of the Perkins Institute, Boston, Massachusetts, in 1843. New York followed with a similar asylum in 1851. The first insane asylum in the country was established at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1773; the second at Somerville, Massachusetts, in 1818.

THE Glasgow (Scotland) Chamber of Commerce recently adopted a resolution declaring that the system of trade bounties and protection adopted by other countries has so injured English trade that there is justification for asking Great Britain to revise her fiscal relations. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions affirming unabated confidence in free trade as the best national commercial policy.

As was predicted many of the trade dollars are being returned to this country from China for redemption. The entire coinage of the trade dollar amounted to about \$36,000,000. It has been supposed that between \$7,000,000 and \$10,000,000 were held in this country at the time the crusade began which sent them down to their bullion value of about 85c. The remainder, according to the popular estimate, were in China.

A GENERAL protest against the store-order system is again being raised in the Southern States, where it most prevails. The payment of wages by means of orders for merchandise is a serious offense in England and Scotland, where the "truck act" is rigidly enforced. The penalty is the payment of a fine to the State and double wages to the complaint. The remedy is rather a severe one, but it is the only way it can be effectively combated.

## CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

### FIRE RECORD.

Fire totally destroyed the immense plant of the Chicago Bridge Company at Fortieth street and Stewart avenue, Chicago. Loss \$400,000. Four hundred men were thrown out of employment. Two men were injured, one dying.

The immense warehouse of Brown, Johnson & Co., and Stratton's nine story elevator were burned at Louisville, Ky., on Monday. Loss, \$250,000.

The Postoffice and Custom House officials of the Nebraska and Iowa Insurance Company at Omaha, is short about \$11,000 in his accounts.

A Southern Pacific train was stopped near Tucson, A. T. Wednesday night, and robbed by a band of men who had obstructed the track and exposed a red signal. The passengers were not molested. \$5,000 were secured.

A woman, her three sons and a sister, were mysteriously poisoned, at Altoona, Pa., on Wednesday. The husband prepared breakfast for the family. He drank coffee, but the remainder of the family drank tea. Cantharides was found in the tea, and the husband is suspected of the deed.

A vault and safe in the ship chandlery house of G. B. Carpenter & Co., Chicago, were drilled open and \$4,000 in money and jewelry stolen.

At Grenada, Miss., Captain W. Towler shot and fatally wounded the Rev. C. F. Stivers, of the Episcopal Church, in Towler's house. The minister stated Towler was justified, and doesn't want him prosecuted.

Judge Broome of Media, and is short \$2,000 in a building association with which he was officially connected.

A burglar, who attempted to enter the dwelling of the Widow Bacher, near Upper Sandusky, Ohio, was fatally shot by her 15-year-old son.

A lad named Defreitas, who recently leaped from the Brooklyn bridge, was sent to prison for three months.

The Rev. T. H. Dabney, of Floris, Iowa, has eloped with Anna Lang, the 17-year-old sister of his wife.

Dr. W. T. Northup, an advocate of local option, was waylaid at Haverhill, Ohio, and murdered by a saloon-keeper, his brother and two sons.

It is reported that T. J. Hunt, Secretary of the Nebraska and Iowa Insurance Company at Omaha, is short about \$11,000 in his accounts.

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The Inter-State Commission began its sittings at Atlanta, Ga., on Wednesday. Delegations from all parts of the South will present petitions to the Board for relief.

John F. Moulton, President of the Brush Electric Light Company, died Tuesday at Cleveland, O.

The election of Professor Lewis Stuart,

of Chicago, to the chair of ancient languages in the Presbyterian College at Algonquin, Mich., is announced.

The sixteenth annual session of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Northwest opened at Davenport, Wednesday.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company has been perpetually enjoined by order of the Mayor from piling or dumping in the lake at Chicago.

A resolution was introduced in the West Virginia Senate to provide for a settlement of Virginia's claims of \$8,000,000 against that state, as its share of the State debt of Virginia.

The 65th anniversary of General Grant's birth was celebrated at various points Wednesday evening.

There are 400 cases of measles at Madison, Wis., and probably a dozen cases of scarlet fever.

Dr. A. L. Grant, the notorious bigamist, died in a Cambridge, Mass., jail. He was awaiting trial for robbing and deserting a Cambridge woman immediately after marrying her.

Two hundred masked men overpowered the guards at the reservoir of the Wahash and Erie Canal in Paulding county, Ohio, blew up the banks, and burned the locks.

At Jefferson City, Mo., Tuesday morning, Judge John W. Henry and State Auditor Walker fought in the street. The Judge was shot in the arm and breast, and the Auditor received a severe scalp wound.

Members of the Army of the Cumber-

land will be granted reduced railroad fares to the annual meeting at Washington next month. The rate has been fixed at one and one-third for the round trip.

In many places in the west and north-

west, on Tuesday, the Odd Fellows held anniversary meetings.

The officials of the Northwestern Rail-

way deny the reported purchase of the Eastern Illinois road.

The Manhattan Hardware Company of Reading, Pa., has been declared insolvent. Liabilities about \$75,000.

FOREIGN.

William O'Brien, editor of United Ire-

land, and Mr. Kilbride, one of the tenants

evicted from the Lansdowne estates, sailed for New York Sunday.

During a discussion of the fisheries question in the House of Commons, Mr. Thompson, minister of justice, said that most of the complaints made by American fishermen of ill-treatment from the Canadian protection fleet were without foundation.

An order for the release of M. Schnebele, the French Commissary under ar-

rest in Germany, was submitted to the Emperor Friday.

The negotiations between France and Germany concerning the arrest of M. Schnebeles are progressing favorably.

Advices from Scutari, Albania, state that the Midites have killed seven Turkish soldiers for interfering with the tomb of the noted leader Big Doda.

A fresh Zankoffist or pro-Russian

conspiracy has been discovered at Sophia, Bulgaria.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice to Prime \$4.50 @ 5.20

Good Shipping 4.60 @ 5.10

Common..... 4.45 @ 5.00

HOGS—Shipping Grades 5.55 @ 5.65

FLOUR—Extra Spring 4.25 @ 4.50

WHEAT—No. 2 Spring 83 1/2 @ 84 1/2

CORN—No. 2 83 1/2 @ 85 1/2

OATS—No. 2 27 1/2 @ 27 3/4

POTATOES—New, per bushel 90 @ 1.00

BUTTER—Choice Creamy' 22 @ 22 1/2

Fine Dairy.... 19 @ 20

CHEESE—Full Cream Chd 12 1/2 @ 13

Full Cream, new 12 1/2 @ 13

Eggs—Fresh..... 10 @ 10

PORK—Mess..... 20.50 @ 20.75

NEW YORK.

BEEVES..... \$4.80 @ 5.05

HOGS..... 5.70 @ 6.00

WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 94 1/2 @ 95

CORN—No. 2 49 1/2 @ 50

OATS—White..... 38 @ 42

PORK—New Mess..... 15.50 @ 15.75

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... \$81 1/2 @ 81 1/2

CORN—Mixed..... 25 1/2 @ 25 1/2

OATS—Mixed..... 27 1/2 @ 28

HOGS..... 5.50 @ 5.5

Detroit.

WHEAT—No. 1 White..... \$84 1/2

Michigan Red..... 85 1/2

CORN..... 41 1/2

OATS—No. 2..... 30

No. 2 White..... 32 1/2

CLOVER SEED..... 23.00

## MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from All Parts of the State.

### Latest From Lansing.

#### Senate.

Almost the entire session of the Senate on the 20th inst. was taken up in considering the Detroit charter amendment.

In the Senate on the 21st inst., Mr. Hubbard's bill for making an appropriation for the mining school at Houghton had been made the special order, and that body went into committee of the whole to consider it. The Senator made a strong speech in support of it, declaring it one of the necessities of the commonwealth, stating that all mining experts are now educated in foreign countries, and in closing made an earnest appeal for giving opportunity for the American young men to educate themselves in the higher branches of mining. The bill calls for \$120,000 for the years 1887-8. It was agreed to in committee, and subsequently passed the Senate. Also the race for \$40,000 for current expenses of the schools, passed.

Bills were passed as follows on the 22d inst.: To make all debts for labor preferred claims against the estates of debtors becoming insolvent, and to give the same precedence over all debts not a lien on such estates prior to the performance of such labor; to amend section 1 of an act entitled "An act to provide wives with property and maintenance from their husbands' estates when neglected or deserted by them;" to require security to be given on stay of proceedings upon verdicts and judgments in the Circuit Courts of this state. The special committee report on graveyard insurance is an immense affair, covering 243 pages of type written matter, and the testimony accompanying consists of 825 pages.

The testimony is very sensational in its character, mainly given by officers and agents of the concerns, and shows that paupers and those bedridden have been insured by persons with no relationship whatever to them, solely as gambling speculators.

Bills of only minor importance were considered in the committee of the whole, the 23d. After a short morning session the Senate adjourned till 2 p.m. on Monday.

The Senate met at 2:30 p.m. on the 23d, but there was a meager attendance, and a little business was attended to in committee of the whole, but nothing of importance. There is great interest in the coming Dakin trial in the House.

The Senate held only a few minutes session on the afternoon of the 26th, but in the evening met and considered a number of bills in committee of the whole. Mr. Dakin's trial engrosses the attention of all.

#### House.

## IN WITCHING TIME.

In witching time when, sparkling higher,  
The last log crackles in the fire,  
And through the midnight's creeping cold  
The shadows lengthen, fold by fold,  
And in the settle nods the sire,  
And the dame drops and maids draw nigher.  
Each to the man of her desire,  
(So do the bashful seek the bold  
In witching time!)  
Even as this hour, when revels tire,  
And the spent mirth and mood require  
Something to stir the sense or hold  
The soul in awe, these tales were told—  
Told, while the flickering flames expire,  
In witching time!  
—[Austin Dobson.]

## SONNET.

across the hedges, thick with autumn flowers,  
I watch the wild rough wind's breath come and go  
Bending the leaves until their pale backs show;  
And each small bird that there for safety cowers,  
To hide before the storm that darkly lowers,  
Is shown to us, who did not even know  
They shivered there—for they were hidden so!—  
Until the wind put forth its stronger powers.  
It is not like some life of sweetest rest—  
Passing its years in a most even course  
Through sun and summer's perfect, peaceful smile:  
Yet when rough trials search that quiet breast,  
It shows beneath the calm that love's vast force  
Has lain there, hiding humbly, all the while?  
—[All the Year Round.]

## THE TUNEFUL LINK.

### Story of a Charity Patient.

"Lena Lawrence!" It was the last name on Dr. Merton's list—not we sorry.

Dr. Merton had been out all day, facing the storm and tempest, and now the prospect of a warm fireside, a cup of steaming coffee, and a pair of velvet slippers began to seem by no means uninviting.

"If it was any one else I'd go straight home," soliloquized the doctor. "But Lena is so friendless and alone—poor little Lena."

Lena Lawrence was a manufacturer of artificial flowers—a pale, slender, little creature, with great startled eyes, like a fawn's, and thick, bronze-colored hair round her head in many plaits. She was just recovering from a sickness that had lasted for many months—a weary, wasting sickness that had left her without friends, without money—almost without hope.

"I should have died had it not been for Dr. Merton," she said wistfully.

And now that she was convalescent the daily visits of the good physician was a tonic to which she looked eagerly forward.

He stood looking down at her as she sat in the big rocking chair, borrowed from the tailoress in the next room, a faint tinge of color just be ginning to die her cheeks.

"Better, eh?" said he.

"Yes, doctor, better; but—"

"Much better," nodded he. "You will be able to take that book folding situation next week. Artificial flowers is a poisonous business; you must never go back to it."

"I am so much obliged to you for obtaining a place for me, doctor."

"Fiddlesticks," good humoredly interrupted Dr. Merton. "Eh? What are you crying for now? Crying isn't going to brace up your nerves, and you know that as well as I do."

"Because I am so poor. Because I have not a cent to pay you with," sobbed Lena, almost hysterically.

"Did I ask for any pay?"

"No; but—but—"

"Now, look here," said the doctor, glancing round the room. "If you really want to pay me—"

"If, doctor—"

"Well, then, as you really want to pay me, now's your chance. My little daughter is fond of birds, and if you care to send her that bullfinch of yours—"

"Little Nona? Oh! I should be so grateful."

He whistled nicely, said the doctor carelessly. "Let me see—is it 'Auld Lang Syne,' or 'Banks and Braes' that is his tune?"

"Neither," said Lena, smiling through her tears. "Blue-Eyed Mary."

"Blue-Eyed Mary" then bit. May will be delighted. And our little account will be all straight."

"God bless you Dr. Merton," said Lena, fervently; and so the good doctor carried off little red-breasted Nona, in his wicker cage, to May, the only daughter, who kept house for her widowed father.

"Papa what a beautiful bird!" cried the young girl, ecstatically.

"It is a piping bullfinch," said Dr. Merton, carlessly unbuttoning his snow-sprinkled coat. "Whistles tunes, and all that sort of thing. It is a present to you from one of my poor patients."

"I'll love it dearly," said May. "How tame it is," as she stroked down the bluish-gray plumes and admired the rosy breast. "What is its name, papa?"

"Nona, I believe. Now, get me my supper, child, for I am chilled through."

"Papa, you look pale; you tremble, papa. Are you sure you are quite well?"

"Quite, child. It's only the cold. I'll go to bed early to-night and get a good rest."

Dr. Merton went to bed accordingly. And he never rose again. A malignant type of prevalent fever set in, and he was carried out in his coffin within three weeks.

Lena Lawrence never knew it. She, who would have been among the truest, most earnest mourners for the kindly hearted man, never heard of how he died and was buried. But Lena's life went on, turned as lives sometimes are into a new and different channel. One of the great publishing firm chanced to observe her, upon a bleak afternoon, folding proofs, and she found favor in his eyes just as did once Ruth in those of princely Boaz. And Lena Lawrence became a rich lady, shining all over with diamonds, and robed in costly silks.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes," said Mrs. Elkins, glancing around the populous rooms of the bird fancier. "They are all very pretty."

but I don't see quite what I want. I am especially fond of bullfinches. Have you any?"

"One very fine bird, ma'am," said the bowing proprietor, upon whom the liveried carriage and lustrous folds of real camel's hair had not been thrown away. "Left here for sale ma'am, a few days ago, at only \$40. Very cheap at that price, ma'am. Whistles several tunes. Hush-sh! You can hear him now."

He held up his finger in token of silence, as the tuneful, flute-like warblings of the little creature who hung in the window, rose softly to the rising of an ancient love tune.

"Blue-Eyed Mary," cried Mrs. Elkins, clasping her lilac-gloved hands together. "Nona! Nona!"

Nona it was, in very truth, singing away in the sunshine as if his very soul were in his voice.

"How came he here?" eagerly demanded Mrs. Elkins. "Who left him here for sale? I'll buy him at once—but why did Dr. Merton sell him?"

The bird merchant referred to a huge leather-bound volume lying on his desk.

"He was left here on commission by Miss May Merton, No. —, Inwood Street."

"May Merton!"

Mrs. Elkins remembered Dr. Merton's frequent allusions to the idolized daughter "May," who was the one star of his solitary heartsthine.

"Can it be the same?" she asked herself. "And if it is, what could possibly have induced her to part with Nona? I must go and see. Where do you say the place is?" she resumed, addressing the man. "Pray write down the address for me. And say—send the bird to No. — Lancaster avenue.

And she hurried from the store.

Pale, worn, and weary, May Merton was stitching away at the white silk embroidery for which she was paid so miserably a pittance by the yard, when a knock sounded at the door. She started up nervously, fearful lest it should be the tyrannical landlord, whose visits she dreaded, since her rent had fallen so sadly in arrears. Poor May! The bright faced girl had faded into the shallow, hollow eyed woman whose daily life was a fight with beggary, and scarce one of her sunnier friends would have known her again, even had they taken the trouble to look her up.

"Come in," she uttered, the color varying on her cheeks as she spoke—and Lena Lawrence came into the room.

"Are you Dr. Merton's daughter?" How vividly the squallid scene recalled the days of her own poverty and distress—the days when Dr. Merton's hand had prevented her from drifting helplessly adown the dark tides of despair.

"Yes," May answered wonderingly. "And where is he?"

"Did you not know? Dead, long ago?" May burst into tears as she spoke.

"And you are poor—alone—and I not to know? May Merton, God has filled me hither to repay the heavy debt I owed your father."

May Merton lives in the midst of luxury now, the dear adopted sister of Mrs. Elkins, and the sunshine of her life rises out of the memory of the dead.

"I can not lavish too much love on Dr. Merton's daughter," Lena says. "I should have perished once but for his generosity, his patience, his unwavering kindness."

And Nona, the red-breasted bullfinch, swings amid lace draperies, in a plate glass window, and warbles "Blue-eyed Mary" as sweetly as ever.

**The Pope's Jubilee.**

The growing power of the Pope's political influence in Europe is shown by the unusual attention paid to him and by the preparations which are being made on all sides for the celebration of the jubilee anniversary of his entrance to the priesthood. The day of the ceremony is now fixed for the 31st of next December. There will be an exhibition opened in the gardens of the Vatican on the 1st of January, 1888, of the objects of art sent to the holy father in honor of the occasion.

Anything intended for a present to the pontiff must be sent to Rome before Oct. 31, so that it can be properly classified. All the archbishops and bishops throughout the world have been invited to be present at Rome during the festivities. The dome of St. Peter's will be illuminated three nights previous to the jubilee day. This will be the first occasion on which this has been done since 1870. It is said that every parish, however small, throughout the world will be represented in this jubilee. All the crowned royalties in Europe will send presents. Queen Victoria will send the pope a copy of the *Vulgata* richly bound. The Empress of China has officially announced her intention of sending some rare specimens of Chinese embroidery. The Emperor of Germany's gift is to be a chalice of pure gold adorned with immense diamonds, one for every member of his family. The Queen regent of Spain has sent a ring, one brilliant alone of which is valued at \$15,000. The Portuguese sovereigns likewise send rich presents, that of Queen Dona Maria Pia, who is the sister of King Humbert, being an altar-cloth worked by herself. The President of the French Republic has already sent two immense vase.

"Blue-Eyed Mary" then bit. May will be delighted. And our little account will be all straight."

"God bless you Dr. Merton," said Lena, fervently; and so the good doctor carried off little red-breasted Nona, in his wicker cage, to May, the only daughter, who kept house for her widowed father.

"Papa what a beautiful bird!" cried the young girl, ecstatically.

"It is a piping bullfinch," said Dr. Merton, carlessly unbuttoning his snow-sprinkled coat. "Whistles tunes, and all that sort of thing. It is a present to you from one of my poor patients."

"I'll love it dearly," said May. "How tame it is," as she stroked down the bluish-gray plumes and admired the rosy breast. "What is its name, papa?"

"Nona, I believe. Now, get me my supper, child, for I am chilled through."

"Papa, you look pale; you tremble, papa. Are you sure you are quite well?"

"Quite, child. It's only the cold. I'll go to bed early to-night and get a good rest."

Dr. Merton went to bed accordingly. And he never rose again. A malignant type of prevalent fever set in, and he was carried out in his coffin within three weeks.

Lena Lawrence never knew it. She, who would have been among the truest, most earnest mourners for the kindly hearted man, never heard of how he died and was buried. But Lena's life went on, turned as lives sometimes are into a new and different channel. One of the great publishing firm chanced to observe her, upon a bleak afternoon, folding proofs, and she found favor in his eyes just as did once Ruth in those of princely Boaz. And Lena Lawrence became a rich lady, shining all over with diamonds, and robed in costly silks.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes," said Mrs. Elkins, glancing around the populous rooms of the bird fancier. "They are all very pretty."

## Lincoln and the Poets.

The following is from an editorial in the *Century* on "Lincoln and Lowell":

"Several of the leading American poets have shown their appreciation of Lincoln in verse or prose—either during his life or since his tragic death. Indeed, an interesting study could be made of the tributes and allusions to the great Liberator by the principal writers of the country. Such a study would not omit mention of Stedman's sonnet on Lincoln's death, and his poem on the east of Lincoln's hand, a part of which was reprinted in the December *Century*, or Dr. Holmes' memorial hymn, of Whitman's two poems on the death of Lincoln, or of Stoddard's stately and pathetic ode, and his sonnet published ten years ago in the *Century*. During the war the relations of Bryant with Lincoln were, perhaps, more important than those of any other of our poets with the President. Bryant had met him first when Lincoln was a Captain in the Black Hawk war,—and had presided at the meeting where the Western statesman delivered his now famous speech. Lincoln was Bryant's choice as a candidate as against Seward, and in personal interview as well as by letter and editorial, he encouraged, advised, and criticised the Lincoln administration throughout its existence. At Lincoln's death Bryant wrote the noble threnody which is familiar to all readers of American poetry. But we may well be found that the literary record of Lowell in connection with Lincoln is more remarkable than that of any other of the distinguished authors of America."

## Caste in Railway Travel.

According to a writer in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a peculiar system of railway charges is in vogue in California. He says:

"I have discovered that in the local travel the railroads have three classes of coaches, with dress as a distinction. I was rather roughly clad after my mountain trip, and, approaching the ticket-seller's window, laid down a \$20 gold piece.

"First, second or third class? I was asked.

"I replied that I usually traveled first class.

"He surveyed me, and then remarked that I had to go second class or not at all. It did me no good to object, either.

"I found first class to mean elegant coaches, where well-dressed people only were allowed; second class for men of ordinary rough dress, and third class for Chinamen and negroes."

## The "Back Log."

It will surprise many persons of the present day to be told that the "backlog" of which we read so much in old-time stories was a large stone, a porous stone being preferred if possible. This stone was buried in the ashes, and on top was placed the "backstick."

The backstone in those primitive times played a very important part in the economy of early housekeeping; matches were not then invented; flint, steel, and tow were the only means of lighting fire or a lamp; imagine for a moment the "Bridge" of to-day thus engaged with the thermometer 10 degrees below zero in the kitchen.

The stone, together with the ashes which it was covered, served to retain fire and heat through the night, and all that was necessary in the morning was a little kindling and gentle use of the indispensable bellows, and a fire was readily made as at the present day.

Backstones were not in much use in bedrooms and parlors after the beginning of this century, turf having taken its place and served equally well, while taking up less space. The stone log in the story was a large stone, a porous stone being preferred if possible. This stone was buried in the ashes, and on top was placed the "backstick."

The command to which I belonged left Gettysburg about 10 o'clock at night, and for the first three or four hours the men were kept well in hand under the impression that we were only changing positions to secure an advantage over the Federals. As daylight broke and we realized that we were on the way home, squads and individuals broke away at every opportunity to forage for a breakfast. In company with two private soldiers belonging to my company I slipped away from the column about sunrise, and, while a black-looking thunder-storm seemed close at hand, we bolted into a piece of woods by the roadside, and then struck for a highway running at right angles, and on which we could make out three or four farm-houses. We selected the first, or nearest, and as we entered the gate a woman opened the door and stood waiting for us to approach. She knew we were Confederates, and asked many questions concerning the battle, and did not attempt to conceal the fact that she was a thorough Unionist, and an ardent hater of Jeff Davis.

"Nevertheless," she added, as she turned to go in, "you men are not altogether to blame, and you shall have a bite to eat as soon as I can get it."

We went around to the back door, laid aside our guns and accoutrements, and had a good wash-up in the rain-barrel. Then we sat down on the grass to wait for breakfast, the odor of which came out to us. But for the suggestion of one of my comrades everything would have gone well. Not far from us was a stone smokehouse, and through the open door we could see pieces of meat hanging from the rafters. He suggested that we further investigate, with a view of "gobbling" some of the meat which we left, and we got up and went straight to the house and entered it. There were two hams and two side pieces hanging up, and at the back end of the building, which was about 12x12, was a barrel filled with old rag carpet, on top of which was a setting hen. As we came near she began to exhibit the usual characteristics, and we were having considerable fun at her expense, when the door was rattled with a chain and padlock. It was a close, dark place, and it was a minute or two before we reached the door and understood the situation. We began to kick and shout, and presently the woman's voice replied:

"It's no use trying to get out! You are my prisoners, and kicking won't do any good!"

How nice and soft we talked to her, but it was no go. Then we swore and blustered, but she only laughed at us. After while she passed us some bread and butter through one of the ventilators, followed by a cupful of water, and there we remained all day, all night, and up to 8 o'clock next morning, when we were turned over to the Union cavalry.

## A Sharp Crow.

Engineer Jack Ellis, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, is the owner of a crow, that, judging from its present appearance, has grown as large as any crow can possibly grow. He is two feet in length from the tip of his beak alone being larger than that of a full-grown bald eagle. He was captured at Beech Creek, Clinton county, Pa., in a somewhat novel way. He flew against a telegraph wire with such force that he was thrown to the ground badly stunned. A telegraph operator picked him up, and after nursing him into good condition again, sent him to Mr. Ellis as a present. With a clipped wing he roams over the garden grounds connected with the Ellis residence on West Front street. Like all accomplished corn field inspectors, whose natural duty is that of lifting grains of corn from the ground, if they have not been planted deep enough, he has a scientific knowledge of thievery. A shepherded dog chained to a kennel in the yard is one of his worst victims. Whenever he sees a canine gnawing a bone he sneaks up behind him

# The Ypsilantian.

Common Council Proceedings.

SPECIAL MEETING,  
SATURDAY EVE., April 30, 1887.

Mayor presiding.  
Roll called absent All. Noyes.

The Mayor stated that the meeting had been called to upon certain liquor bonds, and the removal of frame dwelling on River street.

The City Clerk reported that the following H. C. Giffen, Geo. W. Cady, Adam Shauer, Geo. J. Ament, Geo. Richel, N. Max, L. Z. Foerster, George Thum, Hawkins & Witmire, F. T. Terrell, W. H. Lewis, Michael Klotz.

On motion some were approved.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. D. L. DeBelle.

Resolved, That Philo and Chas. Ferrier be and are hereby permitted to move frame dwelling on lot 64 Hunter's addition to lot known as the Hutchinson block, on River street.

Adopted. Ayes 9. Nays 0.

On motion Council adjourned.

FRANK JOSLYN,  
City Clerk.

REGULAR MEETING,  
MONDAY EVENING, May 2, 1887.

Major presiding.  
Roll called; present full Council.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

The annual reports of the following city officers were submitted and approved, viz.: City Clerk, City Treasurer, City Poor, Health Officer, Chief Fire Dept't.

From D. C. Griffen and F. Joslyn—

Report of fine money collected during month of April.

Approved.

The following bonds were submitted and approved, viz.: Ernest Johnson, DeMosh Bros., James M. Rowley, E. B. Riddle.

On motion, same were approved.

Ayes 9. Nays 0. Ald. Norton no vote.

From the Health Officer:

I respectfully direct your attention to the fact that the nuisance so much and so justly complained of in the First ward, relative to the removal of the dead body of H. C. Giffen, has again been started in the same locality; also that some 15 or 20 hogs are kept by the same parties, in the barn and yard east of Huron street on the hillside street. Unless some action is taken by you on the matter, there will be roost in the neighborhood of this unbearable nuisance.

EDWARD BATWELL, M. D.,  
Health Officer.

Referred to Board of Health:

To the Mayor and Common Council: I call your attention to the unsightly shed erected by Mr. Caleb Eaton in rear of his property on Huron street, and as the same greatly increases the risk from fire on my adjoining property and residence, I hereby call the Council's attention to the same.

Married: Sunday, May 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. D. J. Parker, John Lott of Romulus to Miss Nettie Savage of this place.

The following officers will take charge of the Good Templar's Lodge the next quarter: C. T. R. L. Heywood, V. T. Cora Jewett; Sec. Jas. Taylor; Tres. C. S. Forbes; F. S. Eve Smith; M. Frank Warner; I. G. Jennie Clark; O. G. John Curtis. Installation will occur to-morrow evening.

Rawsonville.

Henry Landau and daughter are home from Rochester, N. Y. where they have been the past winter.

Communication services were held at the M. E. church last Sunday. Presiding Elder McDowell was present.

Albert M. Bucklin and family have moved into the Ellis house.

Walter Sherman has been appointed constable at this place for Van Buren township.

Much credit is due Mr. Ed. Thompson of Ypsilanti for the splendid manner in which he and his painters have decorated the interior of the church.

The work in the vestibule is indeed of the Belleville churches.

Some one broke into C. J. Barlow's store the other night and helped him self to canned fruit, tobacco, etc. to the value of about five dollars.

Subscript for The Ypsilantian, Fred H. Gilbert, agent. Path master Chas. Voorhees will grade the boulevard the coming month.

Meeting next Sunday evening at 7:30. Rev. A. Ebling, pastor.

Saline.

The Council has purchased the vacant lot owned by Mr. Slayton of Tecumseh for \$400 and will build an engine and council room immediately.

H. W. Wallace has broken ground for six new stores.

H. T. Nichols arrived home from an extended trip to California the 30th inst.

Mrs. J. H. Warner who has been quite sick for the past two weeks is slowly recovering.

Deputy County Clerk Brown had his horse stolen while here last Sunday evening. Art. knew who to go to for information as he had oftentimes been out with the same party and as soon as he told what trees made shingles he invited the boys over.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mater of Tecumseh were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Reynolds the 30th, inst.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Campbell of Ann Arbor were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Marsh on Henry street.

R. H. Marsh has been appointed local agent for the Crandall Type Writer, a machine recommended to be one of the best on the market to-day for the money. Those who are contemplating buying are requested to call and examine this wonderful little piece of machinery and satisfy themselves that the pen is too old a style to be used.

The M. E. church society is preparing a treat for the citizens of Saline in the near future in the shape of an entertainment by the little folks. All it requires is an announcement from this society to guarantee a splendid time.

Newcomb.

Miss Bridget Dawson will teach the school in the Elwell district of Sumpster this spring and summer.

Angelo Snodgrass and David Mason are engaged in the honey business quite extensively as they have procured about 30 stands of bees.

Mell Berdell of Oakville has moved into the house of Marte and Will Dawson of this place.

Mr. Dan Wright the man who buys woodchucks, skunks, squirrels, snakes, etc., to export to England and who had such a variety of birds in Ypsilanti last fall, has moved into the house at Whittaker's corners formerly occupied by Richard Ring.

Ed. Ryan and Martin O'Brien are kept busy most of the time now building slate and wire fence. Any one having any of that kind of fence to build will do well to give the boys a chance.

Parnesby Horner has now got his house completed and your correspondent thinks that although there are more looking houses in Augusta Mr. Horner's is the finest.

Mrs. S. P. Ballard is reported quite sick again and Mr. Ballard is nearly blind in one eye at present from a scratch with a briar.

Mr. Thomas Thorn of Augusta, Mich., and Miss Alma Goff of Fremont, Ind., were united in marriage at the residence of Elder Wood of Augusta on Sunday, May 1st, 1887. We wish the happy couple much joy and we hope that when they go to Ypsilanti to buy their furnishings they will not consider their outfit complete until they have called on Smith & Powers and subscribe for The Ypsilantian.

One of the pleasant social events it has been our pleasure to attend in some time occurred at this place last Saturday evening, it being the 50th anniversary of the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dawson. About 75 of their relatives and friends attended their house and an evening of their love and respect presented them with gold banded old China dishes and some glassware and other things. May J. M. Breining made the presentation speech in a few pleasant and well chosen remarks. A beautiful repast was served to all present. After enjoying a good social visit all departed for their homes feeling they had honored themselves by honoring so worthy a family. Mr. Dawson and wife came to this country from Ireland 20 years ago and have lived in this neighborhood ever since, respected by all who knew them. They have raised up a family of nine children of whom any parents might be proud.

For Rent.

The restaurant and sleeping rooms, in the Masonic block at the depot, recently occupied by A. Koyle, will be rented cheap. Apply to A. A. Bedell, at depot shoe store.

To Rent.

House No. 49, Emmit st. W. B. SEYMOUR.

50 50

50 Wm G. Martin, extra riding Congress street bridge.....

50 Wm G. Martin, repairs, 19 00

50 Wm G. Martin, extra riding Congress street bridge.....

50 Wm G. Martin, repairs, 15 70

50 Wm G. Martin, repairs, 50 50

50 Wm G. Martin, repairs, 40 00

50 Wm G. Martin, repairs, 40 00